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Correspondence Scientifique.

[ED. SCHOLASTIC: We have received the following pleasant, witty and *very scientific* communication. The subscribers of the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC will no doubt read it with interest and pleasure. "S" is a *phunny phellow* well known to all old students of Notre Dame for many generations.—J. C. C.]

SEDALIA MISSOURI, July 26, 1870.

Dear Rev. Sir: In compliance with your desire that I should become one of the numerous scientific correspondents of the S. A., I take in hand my pen with fear and trembling at the responsibility of writing manuscript for publication. I shall endeavor to make my letter as scientific as possible, by inserting the generic and specific names of the curious objects I have met with in the course of my travels, and modestly appending and interrogation point (?) whenever not quite sure of my classification.

To begin methodically: I left Notre Dame solitary and alone on the Friday after exhibition, and on my arrival at South Bend found that I was no longer alone. One of my friends and traveling companions had occupied the arduous and responsible position of *clerk* (*Commisarius Fratris Benedicti*?) and he discovered, to his horror and dismay, when within a few miles of Salem Crossing, that he had the key of the large study-room in his pocket. Perhaps, since the days of Blue Beard, (*Barba Cerulea*?) such consternation never was occasioned by a key. It could not be expressed—that is the consternation couldn't, but luckily the key could, and expressed I believe it subsequently was. I had not much time to look around Chicago, as we made connections very close, and I started for St. Louis by the 6 o'clock train, sleeping with my head out of the window and waking up and finding it powdered completely black by the soot from the locomotive (*ingens monstrum-horrendum*?) By day-break we found ourselves on the shores of what Xenophen would call the *Mississippi potamos* suggesting the idea of a *Mister Hippopotamus* somewhere in the vicinity. Nothing above the Alligator is, however, to be found. Made connections at St. Louis with unhoped for celerity—did not see any of the city, but presume it is all right—and embarked on the cars of the Pacific R. R. Beautiful Missouri valley—rocks—bluffs—tunnels and overhanging precipices. Very delightful and suggestive of danger. Place called Hermann where they make wine. Wine-house at the depôt. Little boys going through the cars selling wine like peanuts or anything else. Catawba, *graca voce kutabino th. kutabuo, i. e. descendere*. And, dear me, how it (*does*?) go down!

Took a nap—woke up—conductor shouting *California* with the peculiar conductorial twang. What! could it be possible that during the course of what I had supposed to be "forty winks," I had crossed the Great Plains and Rocky Mountains unawares and entered upon the famous *Eldorado* of the Pacific Coast? No; it could not, for on referring to the proper authorities, I found that California was merely a rural city of the usual description that one meets along the sides of railroad tracks and other dry and rubbishy places. We had now left the Missouri valley and had ascended a high breezy tract of country with views of ten or fifteen miles around. At Smithboro, near the end of my journey, I noticed an energetic game of baseball going on in the vicinity of the railroad, at the risk of scaring the locomotive. Musing thereupon on baseball, it struck me all at once that the nine muses must have been the original champion nine. How easily on this hypothesis, can we account for the fact that one among them, Urania, is always represented as in the act of catching a ball, which ignorant and superstitious mythologists have hitherto mistaken for the celestial globe. Her very name Urania—*You-reign-hyar*—simply means that she was captain of the nine. We should be tempted to assign the office of short-stop to Polyhymnia, as her name means "many hymns," and many hymns are in short metre. Euterpe, was, perhaps, the "pitcher," and Terpsichore, Melpomene and Calliope may have been posted as fielders, while Thalia, Clio and Erato officiated at the bases. Apollo, no doubt, was the umpire, and the frequent use of the epithet "lyre" in connection with this divinity proves that they had not the confidence in him that a club should have in their umpire.

But whilst these fancies occupied my mind, I found myself at Sedalia, and very glad to see a hotel at the depot. I have made the whole journey in thirty hours. My first scientific researches are to be among the *flora* and *fauna* of the hotel. Partial specimens of the *Bos Taurus*, *Solanum Tuberosum*, and other highly interesting natural objects are now thoroughly and satisfactorily discussed. The house fly (*musca domestica*?) is numerous and destructive. At one place that I have since visited in Missouri an ingenious piece of mechanism was arranged to fan the whole length of the dining table by pulling a string at one end, while a grinding organ attachment at the same time played "Shoo-fly, don't bother me," to the great relief of the guests and the still greater disgust of the flies.

The Missourians have a great regard for personal attractions. At every hotel there is a table set apart exclusively for the use of those who are possessed of more than usual charms. It is called the good looking men's table (*Mensa Bonorum-Fidentium*?) It is well to make a note of this, as a knowledge of it may enable you to avoid unpleasant consequences. Venturing innocently to place myself at one of these reserved tables, I noticed with alarm that the good looking faces around me were all distorted by hideous scowls, while the landlord bustled up perspiring in an agony of apologetic explanation: "Very sorry to disturb you, sir, but really such a nose as yours—" I comprehended the

situation at once and retreated in good order to a table where I found better grub, as good looking men are well known to be usually so immersed in the contemplation of their own perfections as to be absolutely unconscious of what they eat and drink, except so far as it may be injurious to the complexion, or to the enamel of their teeth.

Next day being Sunday I went to Church. Found the edifice in a transition state, undergoing repairs in the shape of plastering and white washing, copious droppings from which ornamented the floor and seats. Congregation consists chiefly of men on horseback—not that they usually introduce the quadruped within the building, as the door is two low. Riding on horseback is much more common in this state than I have seen it east of the Mississippi. Men ride sideways like ladies. That is, when they get tired they do. But I was speaking of church—the service announced at ten actually commenced at half-past eleven—the interval being relieved by the assiduous fanning of a young friend who sat next to me, and the appearance of a splendid entomological specimen (*scarabeus Ecclesiasticus*?) black with red hips, crawling up my pants. I regretted that the solemnity of the occasion precluded my securing and sending him on.

Emerging from the place of worship I fell in with a mutual friend and fellow-scientific (*Vir profundissimus et eruditissimus*) who was delighted to see me and so forth. I departed on the following morning for Clinton; my journeyings through which, and through Germantown, Hudson, the Osage River Valley and the Great South West, must form the subject of another epistle.

Very sincerely yours,

S.

Space and its Occupants.

BY DENNIS A. CLARKE.

Perhaps the most interesting subject that could engage our attention, and one most calculated to fill our minds with noble and profound thoughts, is the progress of the human intellect towards the summit of its primitive greatness and brilliancy.

Its history is, indeed, the history of knowledge, of science, of civilization, and we cannot treat of one to the exclusion of the rest. The advance of civilization marks the rate of development of man's intellect.

That intellect shall continue, thus to develop its once entirely active powers, ever approaching nearer and nearer towards perfection, until time shall have vanished into the abyss of eternity and there lose itself forever.

But an infinite God has prescribed the limits beyond which the human mind dare not and cannot roam, it is the bounds of the finite, and separates the Creator from the creature.

Can we, for instance, grasp the sublime idea of space? Can we even approach to a measurement of space? Ah! it suggests thoughts without limit, and finally leaves us bewildered.

In pursuing the beautiful study of the stars, we are led to meditate upon the immensity of space,

and enter its inexplicable mazes, though not without a consciousness of the vague something beyond.

With the assistance of Astronomy we are enabled to form very plausible theories in regard to space and some of these are truly beautiful, and display in brighter colors the glories of God's omnipotence.

So, kind reader, I would solicit your company on a rapid journey through the boundless realms of space, and with your permission, direct you amongst yon celestial orbs, and roam with you in those distant regions which no human eye can penetrate, whose mysteries no human art can unfold. But first permit imagination to depict the scene when the voice of the omnipotent Creator resounds throughout the depths of immensity and this harmonious universe in obedience to the divine command springs into existence. The sun is enthroned in his mighty empire; the planets begin to roll in their circling orbits rendering homage to that vast luminary whose powerful influence retains them within his dominion; and those bodies which we denominate stars pour forth their effulgence to lend a charm to the otherwise dark and gloomy nocturnal firmament. What an imposing spectacle! What regularity! What sublimity!

With the fleet wings of imagination, let us mount the heights of this celestial scene and place ourselves at the extremity of the heavenly axis, near the North Star, from which position we may contemplate our Solar System in all its grandeur, as one grand, panoramic scene.

The earth grows less as we pursue our flight, and becomes dim in the obscurity of distance, until finally, it is a mere point in space.

All the planets now present themselves to our wondering gaze. Within the orbit of the earth we left far behind us can be seen two bright planets, modest Mercury, often hiding in the effulgence of the sun, and silvery Venus. Beyond the earth's extended track, revolve in the order of their distances from the sun, fiery Mars, belted Jupiter, glorious, ringed Saturn, unpretending Uranus and far off Neptune. They all roll in orbits lying nearly in the same plane with each other, and the common centre of their attraction—the sun.

But these planets are worlds, manifesting the same general appearance as our world.

The sun that perpetuates our existence, influences theirs in a similar manner; they have their alternations of day and night, upon several of them moons pour forth their silvery floods to dispel the nocturnal gloom, and their azure firmaments are garnished with twinkling stars. All the severities of winter's rude blasts yield at regular ordained periods to the mild and cheerful predominance of summer, for from Mercury's inner orbit at the footstool of the mighty sun, to Neptune's distant course this powerful luminary governs with undisputed sway.

Can we then avoid the too obvious conclusion that our world belongs to this princely cortege? Though this globe upon which we consider ourselves so secure, and dwell with such assurances of safety, is inferior to many of its companions in size, still it whirls through those trackless regions with the inconceivable velocity of a million and half miles per day.

Now, can we say, and without fear of contradiction, that the omnipotent and all wise Creator ordained that all these orbs except our own should roam in lonely solitude, or has he peopled them with intelligence, with moral life? This remains a problem yet to be solved. It is not, however, unreasonable, nor is it contrary to revelation or the teachings of science, to believe that many of yon planetary spheres are the abodes of intelligence, that thereon the Supreme Ruler of the universe is known and adored, that from them praises are wafted to His eternal throne and the smoke of incense ascends from the altars of humble worshippers.

But we cannot pause here longer to contemplate this superb magnificence, which expands our souls with noble, elevated thoughts, nor can we seek to

discover the profound secrets of creation, for our time is limited and other heavenly bodies entice us on to more remote realms.

Fancy, then, will wing us to those distant regions of our firmament, in which myriads of luminaries glitter and fill it with as many splendors. These twinkling lights scattered profusely through space evidently are not planets, they remain immovable or, in scientific language, "fixed," and are entirely independent of our sun.

Science, by unerring calculations reveals to us the immensity of the distance between the nearest fixed star and the earth, or any of the other planets. It lies beyond the power of a finite comprehension to grasp its sublime reality. Many thousand years would have elapsed ere a body moving at the same rate as the earth (about nineteen miles a second), should reach the nearest fixed star.

Taking, then, our flight towards them we should discover that they are suns, similar, and the great majority, doubtless, larger than our own. Each one is crowned monarch of a limited portion of space, with all his attendant circling worlds or planets.

Thus may we continue to penetrate the boundless regions of space, and yet our journey is but beginning. We become lost in the infinite, for we know not its limits and especially are we bewildered when we discover that our sun, though "fixed" in relation to his great system, revolves through those immeasurable regions in common with other suns and all their retinue of worlds.

Where then shall we find the ultimate centre of of this beautiful equilibrium of the universe, if not in the Infinite Himself? Yes, all these countless suns, and more yet, beyond the reach of mortal's eye, roll in lordly splendor and magnificence, such as "the mind of man hath never conceived," with their gorgeous pageantry of worlds, around the one eternal throne of the most high and infinite God.

Here human knowledge ceases, because the intellect is confounded, it bows in humble submission before its God, and acknowledges its own nothingness.

How well indeed did the poet understand the limits of human comprehension, when gazing at the star-bespangled canopy of heaven, he exclaimed in the exultation of his heart:

"What involution! What extent! What swarms Of worlds, that laugh at earth, immensely great, Immensely distant from each other's spheres; What then the wondrous space through which they roll? At once it quite ingulfs all human thought; 'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat."

Allez et Retour.

When I had the benign felicity—(good expression, see Rhetoric *passim*.) of taking leave of my readers and enjoying a good rest in the celebrated Hotel which I mentioned in my Accommodation Train-Trip, in last number, I was dubious about the question "in as much as to how wherefore on that account" (words of a modern orator of Illinois), I shall inscribe on the pages of the SCHOLASTIC a full narration of my return trip.

Various considerations arose. The first, whether I should go back. 2d, whether, in case of a go-back, the incidents of the trip, viz.: the same train, same polite and gentlemanly conductor, same stations, same *et cetera*, would bear reproduction. Of my conductor, however,—let me say in all confidence—I had no misgivings. But after mature deliberation I concluded that I would go back on the Fast Train, thereby making up, by increased velocity on the road, the loss of time incurred by a prolonged sojourn in the city.

Having made up my mind to this effect, I took a more cheerful view of matters than I had previously done when under the benumbing influence of the conviction that I had to do all that was to be done, in a few short hours, and pass the rest of my

precious time on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Accommodation Train back.

Looking out from my pleasant window, the street-car horses passed by with a gayer toss of the head, and the habitually morose conductor, with his pockets full of nickel and hands full of stamps of small degree, looked more cheerful; the loose brick-bats and mortar-bed, that obstructed the whole of the pavement on one side and three-fourths of the street, presented a picturesque appearance, and my spirits fast rising with the cheerfulness of the scene, I descended the palatial stairs and found myself on the sidewalk, determined to plunge into the most business parts of the city.

I did not, consequently, immediately cross over to the Board of Trade—where there is always some little business going on—but I suddenly appeared before a serene gentleman sitting behind a little desk, on the first floor of one of the big business houses of Chicago. He was busy, and as I did not wish to take up his time, I at once pushed forward, and was soon deeply interested in the workings of a huge cylinder press, that threw you off its thousands of sheets with perfect unconcern and without the least assumption of doing anything more than ordinary. Here an old friend caught sight of me, and soon had me wondering by his side, and admiring, open-mouthed, the various marvels of the establishment. Electrotyping and stereotyping had immense attractions for me. I could have remained all day in the way of the many men, as busy as bees, who were engaged in the processes of those two arts. Fortunately for me they were all good-natured and obliging, and instead of waxing wroth at my innumerable questions and getting out of patience at my interference in many things that I did not understand, and in meddling with which I must have put them to much inconvenience, they were all cheerfully obliging and gave me all the explanations I asked for, and many others that I never have thought of asking, because they were above my practical knowledge of the business, the next time I call on that establishment I will take notes for the purpose of describing it in full and in detail. Without notes I could not do it.

A long chat with an old friend in the Larmond Block of offices—where there is the usual medley of lawyers, dentists, detectives, &c., &c.—brought about lunch time, and were it not that it might seem invidious to other places, I would recommend the "Tomato soup," and the *et cetera* of this place. There are, however, persons whose taste is so degenerate as not to be able to appreciate Tomato soup.

The disposal of a dinner somewhat later in the day, and the faces of friends in the evening, made me forget all about Railroad trains; and—to pass over many incidents uninteresting to the general reader—next morning about 10 o'clock I became aware that if I was to take the Fast Train, or if it was to take me, it behooved me to betake myself speedily along the soft, wooden sidewalks of Clark Street, and reach the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern's grand depot. But I had not yet made a call on an old friend in the *Times*' building—and Fast Train or no Fast Train, I had to say at least "How 'do?" before leaving the city. I did say so,—and he said so many kind words that I was beguiled into taking a chair—not with me, unfortunately, for then I might have been in time for the train,—but taking a chair and conversing until, looking at a reliable time-piece I habitually stow away in my vest pocket when out of the college, I found I had just time enough to hurry down to the depot and—miss the Train; which I did incontinently. And though there was a great deal of *Allez* in my walk depotwards, yet there was no *Retour* except to the hotel, to await for the Accommodation Train, in the afternoon.

WHAT a difference it makes whether you put "Dr." before or after a man's name!

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

In Memoriam.

St. Mary's, Sept., 25, 1870.

To-day we chronicle a most solemn, touching event, namely the death of one of our dear pupils, Miss Zelic Selby, only daughter of the Hon. Judge Selby, of Memphis, Tenn. Her patience and resignation under suffering, her lively faith in the power of prayer and in the efficacy of the Sacraments, her ardent desire to go home to her heavenly Father, gave great edification and consolation to all who ministered to, or visited her.

In her last hours she was consoled by the reception of the last Sacraments of the Church, and the fervent prayers of Sisters and children of Mary, who surrounded her bed. She retained her consciousness to the last, and her every breath was employed in prayer, or in soliciting the prayers of others. Dear Zelic! may our death be like unto hers!

Her death took place on Tuesday, the 20th ult., and until Friday morning, her body—reposing in an elegant casket—was laid out in state in the main parlor of the academy, the symbol of redemption at her head, her beautifully placid brow and form enveloped in snowy veil and drapery ornamented with wreath and flowers, indicative of her faith and purity. Her waxen like fingers entwined with the rosary of our blessed Lady, her bier surrounded by lighted tapers, emblems of hope and charity. The whispered words of tenderness and prayer of the sisters and pupils who kept vigil round the bier, made the scene beautifully touching and full of cheering hope.

The Sisters of Holy Cross and the Children of Mary kept vigil by the precious remains till nine o'clock Friday morning, when the funeral ceremonies commenced.

The tolling of the convent bell was the signal for the procession to move. First came the processional cross, borne by three young ladies, followed by the pupils of the academy, among whom were the young ladies of the Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin, and little girls of the Holy Angels' sodality, each society bearing its respective banner, draped in mourning. Then the precious remains of the deceased, surrounded by the Children of Mary as pall-bearers, all dressed in snowy white, with mourning badges of crape on the left arm. Next the bier, the Rev. clergy, in cope and surplice, chanting the solemn burial service of the Church, followed by the Mother Superior of the congregation of Holy Cross, her assistants, the professed Sisters and novices. In this order the procession entered the chapel. The requiem High Mass was said by Rev. Father Letourneau. Rev. Fathers Provincial and Lauth acting as deacon and subdeacon. The convent choir chanted in touching strains the mournful service of the dead, and the plaintive notes of the *Dies iræ* *dies illa* seemed to plead most pathetically for the prayers of the living for the dear departed, and many a tearful supplication was offered for her who had so often mingled with the youthful worshippers in that convent chapel.

After Mass, Very Rev. Father Provincial addressed those present in fervent and eloquent words.

The last ceremonies performed, the funeral cortege slowly moved towards the convent cemetery to place the remains in the spot which the deceased, while living, had herself selected for own last resting place.

The day was calm; the autumnal tinge of the trees, and fading of summer flowers seemed in touching harmony with this peaceful burial of the youthful dead.

On arriving at the grave-yard, all passed round to take one last and loving look at that form which they shall see no more till the day of its joyful res-

urrection. As the beautiful casket, with its inclosed treasure, was lowered into the earth, it was literally covered with garlands twined by the hands of those who now gave this last token of affection for their departed friend.

Then the words "dust into dust" fell on the ear, with a solemn reminder to the living of the nothingness of all earthly beauty and grandeurs, mingled with the consoling reflection: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; from henceforth they shall rest from all their labors."

Requiescat in pace.

On the afternoon of the twenty-third inst., the joyful pealings of the bells at Notre Dame, and the responsive ringing of the bells at St. Mary's, announced the glad tidings that our venerated Father Sorin, the Very Rev. Superior General of the Order of Holy Cross, had returned in safety from Europe to his loved home in the west, where his faithful children and many friends most anxiously awaited him. On Saturday morning, the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, the Rev. Father celebrated, in the house of Loretto, a Mass of thanksgiving for his safe return. During the morning he received the joyous greetings of the pupils of the Junior and Senior Departments. To these he responded in the kindest manner. He then entertained them with graphic accounts of the terrible state of things in France, caused by the war and political anarchy in Europe.

During the past week the different literary societies were organized, and proceeded to the election of officers. The following is the result:

St. Teresa's Literary Society, composed of the Graduating and First Senior classes.

Director—Sister M. Eusebia.

President—Miss N. Moriarty.

Vice-President—Miss A. Sturgis.

Secretary—Miss K. Young.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss H. Niel.

Librarian—Miss A. Carmody.

Treasurer—Miss B. O'Neil.

St. Angela's Literary Society, composed of the First, Second and Third Preparatory Classes.

Director—Sister M. Angeline.

President—Miss M. Letourneau.

Vice-President—Miss M. Wicker.

Secretary—Miss E. McFarland.

Librarian—Miss R. Devoto.

In the Junior Department the St. Agnes Literary Society chose for

President—Miss A. Clark.

Vice-President—Miss E. Niel.

Secretary—Miss N. Gross.

Treasurer—Miss M. Kearney.

Librarian—Miss M. Quan.

The object of these societies is to create and cultivate a taste for good, solid literature, by the public reading of standard works. Also the habit of reflection, by requiring of the members criticisms on what has been read at those meetings. This exercise of mind and memory is well calculated to develop the latent powers of the intellect, elevate and refine the taste, and thus render them superior to the attractions of mere sensational literature.

We take this opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of the many and beautiful varieties of fossil specimens of carboniferous and silurian systems forwarded to us by Mr. S. S. Strau, of Morris Ill. We also gratefully assure him that he may "take the privilege," as he courteously expresses it, of sending us any amount he pleases of such valuable geological specimens as those he so kindly donated to our museum, and we hope our many friends abroad will go and do likewise.

We also received from the Smithsonian Institute, and from the Hon. Mr. Wilson, Land Commissioner, Patent Office, Washington, D. C., several varieties of mineral and geological specimens, for which we return our most cordial thanks.

The different departments of the Academy are full and flourishing. The studious Seniors, the gay Juniors, and the frolicsome Minims, are now quite at home. We must say of the latter department, that any fossilized specimen of humanity who finds life dull and dreary may become rejuvenated, simply by watching the sports and extempore comicalities of these merry little Minims at their play. They get up most comical miniature imitations of life, domestic, social and literary, and enter so heartily into the characters they assume, that one may see herself, as others see her, simply by

witnessing their droll imitations of real life. The dear little Minims are truly the pets of the house, and add a peculiar charm to St. Mary's, where, in this secluded little world of ours, duties and wants crowd upon each other so rapidly that there is no time for ennui, nor any of that dull monotony which is supposed to be the tiresome feature of boarding-school life.

Respectfully, STILUS.

ARRIVALS.

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Miss L. Harrison. | Lesley Station, Tenn. |
| " M. Shanks, | Milwaukee, Wis. |
| " A. Shea, | " " |
| " A. Woods, | Louisiana, Mo. |
| " N. Duggan, | Flint, Mich. |
| " A. Rhinehart, | Oskaloosa, Iowa. |

TABLE OF HONOR—SENIOR DEPT.

Misses H. Neil, A. Sturgis, A. Locke, K. Young M. Kellogg, L. Marshall, M. Kirwin, B. O'Neil, N. Moriarty, N. Millard, B. Randall, K. Purks.

HONORABLE MENTION—SENIOR DEPT.

Graduating Class—Miss A. Raden.

First Senior Class—Misses M. Shirland, M. Tuberty, J. Hogue, A. Clarke, J. Forbes, A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Finsley, A. Cornish, M. Dillon.

Second Senior Class—Misses K. Zell, M. Lassen, F. Butters, M. Corchrone, M. Lane, S. O'Brien, A. Casey, K. Haymond, K. Sixby, A. Frost, Katie Brown, E. Finley.

Third Senior Class—Misses R. Fox, E. Shea, A. Mast, L. Dooley, K. Powell, L. Duffield, L. Ogden, M. Ward, E. Dickerhoff, T. Finley, R. Spiers, M. Heath, A. Clark, L. Niel.

First Preparatory Class—Misses M. Letourneau, E. Wood, J. Falvey, L. Ritchie, M. Ford, C. Wood, L. Spillard, M. Wicker, K. Boyd.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses R. Dovoto, F. Murphy, Z. Osburn, M. McIntyre, A. Lloyd, A. Emonds.

TABLE OF HONOR—JUNIOR DEPT.

Sept.—21. M. Kearney, J. Kearney, L. Niel, M. Quan, M. Cummings, E. Horgan, F. Brush, M. Lesley. O. Mulhall. A. Rose.

First Preparatory Class—M. Krentzer.

Second Preparatory, Class—L. Tinsley, A. Robson, M. Hoover.

Third Preparatory Class—M. Roberts, F. Lloyd.

Junior Preparatory Class—Grace Darling, A. Byrne.

First Junior Class—F. Prince, A. Garrity.

Second Junior Class—K. Lloyd, M. Garrity.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
October 1st, 1870.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—Thinking that you would not take it amiss, and that it might please and interest you, I have determined on giving you an account of the Ball that was given by the Juniors on last Thursday evening, September 19, at St. Mary's.

The evening previous the Seniors had one, and the next day they expressed their most heartfelt sympathies for "The poor Juniors who had to go to bed, while they, the Seniors, were enjoying themselves so much!" Kind Mother Angela, however, (who always sees that the Juniors are not in any way slighted), said that they should have one on Thursday evening, and that she would provide a musician, and the hall also.

At about 3½ P. M. the bell rang (the Juniors bell) for them to go to their respective rooms to arrange their toilets, and they had permission to remain until 5 P. M., giving all ample time to dress. After supper the Seniors were informed that they must leave their recreation-room, and go to the fancy-work room, as Mother Angela wished the Juniors to have this room to dance in, as it is quite large. At about 7½ the Ball commenced. During supper a very hard storm came up, and on all sides was heard the exclamation: "Oh! I wonder if we will have to postpone our dance?" It continued so all evening, so on account of the inclemency of the weather, the musicians could not come out from South Bend; but, that we should not be disappointed, Mother Angela asked some of the young ladies to play for us—they were Misses M. Sherland, J. Forbes, and M. Kirwin. The Seniors were sent to bed very early. They did not relish very much the idea of having to retire just

for the benefit of the Juniors; but of course they did, and enjoyed themselves as best they could—anything to keep away the sounds of music and the loud pells of laughter, which rang through the halls. Quadrilles followed each other, and then some fancy dances. Towards the end of the evening refreshments were passed around. Occasionally a loud peal of thunder and a few flashes of lightning would startle us for a minute, but the sound of music and the noise of many feet on the floor, overwhelmed the noise made by the elements without. At last the bell for half-past nine, and still no person appeared fatigued. The last dance was the "Virginia Reel," in which all the Juniors joined. So ended the Juniors' grand ball—the first of the season.

The next day we had a long nap, which we of course needed—and enjoyed, too. After breakfast we had just as many sympathetic speeches to make to the Seniors as they had had for us the evening before; and they then said, "the next time the Juniors must go in to their dance!" But we informed them that we would rather have it by ourselves, as we enjoyed it equally as well, if not better, when alone.

Yours respectfully,
N. GROSS.

The Little Pet.

Quite a number of our little friends will find themselves photographed in the following lines:

I'm just a wee bit lassie, with a lassie's winsome ways;
And worth my weight in solid gold, my Uncle Johnny says.

My curly little noodle holds a thimbleful of sense;
Not quite as much as Solomon's—but his was so immense!

I know that sugar plums are sweet, that "no, my love" means yes:

That when I'm big, I'll always wear my pretty Sunday dress,

And I can count—leven, six, nine, five—and say my A B C.

Now have you any taffy, dear, that you could give to me?

I'm Bridget's "Torment of her life, that makes her brain run wild."

And mamma's "Darling little Elf," and granma's "Blessed child;"

And Uncle Johnny's "Touch me not," and papa's "Gyp-tian Queen,"

I make them stand about, you see; that must be what they mean.

For opening, hard, old stony hearts, I have two precious keys.

And one is, "Oh, I thank you, sir," the other's, "If you please."

And if these do not answer, I know another trick;
I squeeze two mighty tear-drops out—that melts 'em mighty quick,

I'm sweet as any lily bed, and sweeter too, I s'pose;
But that's no reason why I shouldn't rumple up my clothes.

Oh, would I be an angel, if an angel never cries,
Nor soils its pretty pinafore a makin' nice dirt pies!

I'm but a little lassie, with a thimbleful of sense;
And as to being very wise, I best make no pretense;
But when I am a woman grown, now don't you think I'll do?

If only just about as good as dear mamma and you?

NOTICE.—The members and friends of the Notre Dame Union Enterprise are requested to report the result of their labors to the President or the Secretaries of the Association, on, or before the 1st day of November, A. D., 1870.

J. M. GEARIN, Cor. Sec.

We learn that a new time-table took effect on the L. S., M. S. & N. I. R. R., on Saturday, October 1, but we were unable to obtain, previous to going to press, a copy, that we might have made the necessary changes, and are, in consequence, compelled to insert the "Spring Arrangement."

PIUS IX.

It is with feelings of sorrow that we contemplate the trials to which Pius IX is subjected, and of filial pride that we see the noble and magnanimous position of our Holy Father. Deprived by flagrant injustice of his temporal possessions, a prisoner in his own city, treated with coldness by the governments of Europe, which owe to him what little there is still left of fidelity in the minds of their people, he is immovable in his guardianship of truth and right—calm in adversity, for he was never elated in prosperity.

With a want of generosity, with an outpouring of petty prejudice, the greater part of the press in this country, following blindly the lead of the irreligious press of Europe, speak and write of Pius IX as if he were the greatest criminal of the times; and it is remarkable—or perhaps we ought to say, it is not remarkable—that those papers which call themselves the representatives of Christian denominations are the most bitter in their denunciations, the most jubilant in their paeans of triumph, and the most gushing in their sentimental twaddle about the downfall of Popery.

How do the Catholics of America take "the situation?" What can they do?

All Catholics worthy of the name are filled with grief at the sufferings of their chief—they sympathize with him,—and detest the acts of hypocrisy, bad faith and foul injustice that he has had to suffer during his long pontificate, during his glorious contest against error.

What can they do? Throw their influence on the side of truth and justice, against the pernicious principles and base actions of the men who lead Victor Emmanuel, and suchlike sovereigns, to their destruction, and to the downfall of their governments.

We in America are not called upon to go over and fight the battles of the Holy Father—though the fact of so much apathy on the part of Catholics shows a lack among them of that generous devotedness that characterized their forefathers in the faith—but, though we are not obliged to gird on the sword, we ought to send material aid, and where we formerly sent one dollar we should now send two. Of course such aid should be forwarded by sure and trusty hands that would not allow it to be turned, either by force or by cunning, into the coffers of the enemies of the Holy Father.

We should also make our voice heard in maintaining a position worthy of Catholics. We should not allow misrepresentations to pass without contradiction. We should even go to some trouble to explain our sentiments to well-meaning, though ignorant or misinformed persons. And there are many such.

We should make it plain that we—over 6,000,000 of the 200,000,000 and more, who acknowledge the Pope of Rome as their spiritual head—have the most profound veneration for the person of Pius IX; that whether he be restored to the full possession of his temporal kingdom, or whether he be compelled to languish in a prison for the rest of his days, we shall acknowledge him as our spiritual chief,—the head of the Church of Christ.

We should insist that though we by no means pretend that the office of the Holy Father as Head of the Church depends upon his temporal sovereignty, yet we protest against the injustice which would deprive him of it.

As for the pitiful drivelling of some contributors of so-called religious papers we can allow it to pass unchallenged, as it can do no harm but to those who wish to be harmed. For attacks on us as Catholics, we can point to our record, and show that we have done our duty at the ballot-box and in the field of battle as well as our neighbors. In time of peace we choose the party whose political principles please us. Some of us are of one party,

and some of us are of another; and no Catholic would wish to identify his Church with any political party. In time of war, the ranks of our armies have shown that we were not backwards in defending our country.

Thus do Catholics take the present situation of affairs. It is true that the great confidence all Catholics have in the words of Christ, and the firm reliance they place on His assistance in bringing His Vicar out of these tribulations, and giving a brilliant triumph to His Church, make some Catholics rather indifferent to the sufferings and hardships that must be borne by many members of the Church. Yet with this firm hope in the ultimate triumph of the Church, we must have tender charity and sympathy for those who suffer, and first of all, for the most illustrious of all, Pius IX.

Voyage of Don Giovanni Mastai,

Actually His Holiness, Pope Pius IX,

FROM GENOA TO SANTIAGO, ACROSS THE PENINSULA OF SOUTH AMERICA, 1823-24.

I.—Origin of the Mission—Departure for Genoa—The "Eloysa" and her Crew—Navigation of the Mediterranean—The Coast of Catalonia.

In the year 1823 South America had already acquired its political independence, but she had not yet arrived at religious pacification, being broken up into parties, consequent upon the commotions to which she had so long been subjected. In the latter days of the pontificate of Pius VII, one of the most influential men of Chili, Archdeacon Don José Ignacio Cienfuegos, was dispatched to Rome by the newly-constituted powers to ask of the Holy Father to institute an apostolic mission that should reside at Santiago. The main object of the proposed mission was to smooth away the difficulties that had arisen on more than one occasion between the Chilean clergy and the supreme power; several members of the religious orders had even gone so far as to demand their secularization. The mission of a vicar apostolic had thus become of the first necessity.

The court of Rome acceded to the request forwarded by the Representative Chambers of Chili, assembled a special congregation composed of six Cardinals, presided over by Cardinal Della Genga. The choice of this assembly fell at first upon Monseigneur Ostini, an ecclesiastic of known merits, and at that time Professor of Sacred Science at the Roman College. Various circumstances, however, combined to induce this learned theologian to decline an honor which he accepted at first, and the congregation named in his place, Don Giovanni Muzi, who at that epoch resided at the court of Vienna, as auditor of the Apostolic Nuncio. He started at once from Germany for Rome, where Pius VII raised him to the dignity of Archbishop of the Philippines *in partibus infidelium*. Two young ecclesiastics were deputed to accompany the archbishop and assist him in his labors, one, Don Giovanni Mastai-Ferretti, at that time a simple canon, and the Abbé Giuseppe Sallusti, secretary of the legation, an intelligent man, to whom we are indebted for the following account of this curious ecclesiastical excursion. It was published at Rome in the year 1827, in four volumes, octavo, with a map under the title.

"*Storia delle Missioni Apostoliche del Stato del Chile, colla Descrizione del Viaggio dal Vecchio al Nuovo Mondo fatto dal l'Autore, opera di Giuseppe Sallusti.*"

Don Mastai, born at Sinigaglia on the 13th of May, 1792, was, at that epoch, 31 years of age. He was elected Archbishop of Spoleto after his return, in 1827, and became Sovereign Pontiff in 1846.

At the reiterated request of a learned ecclesiastic from the Argentine provinces, Doctor Pancheco, the congregation, presided over by Cardinal Della

Genga, conferred great powers on the new vicar-apostolic; not only was he empowered to provide for the spiritual wants of Chili and of the Argentine States, but similar powers were conferred upon him over Peru, Columbia, and the Mexican States.

The Apostolic Mission embarked at the port of Genoa on the 5th of October, 1823, in a French brig called "L'Eloysa." The vessel was in excellent condition, newly coppered, a swift sailer, and the Captain, Antonio Compello, had long navigated the seas of South America. He was at once an intelligent and able mariner, and an agreeable companion; his Lieutenant, or, as the Italians still designate him, the pilot, was one Campodonico, a sailor of great experience. The crew numbered thirty-four men, all select.

Two natives of Chili embarked at the same time with Monseigneur Muzi and Don Mastai, and did not separate from the Mission until it reached the great river de la Plata. One was Don José Cienfuegos, of whom we have already spoken. The other was a young ecclesiastic of rare merit, Father Raymond Arce, who belonged to the order of Reformed Dominicans in the city of Santiago.

All went wonderfully pleasant for the first few days; the wind was favorable; the arrangements made by Captain Compello for the convenience of his passengers gave every satisfaction; but the travellers were not as yet able to enter into the pleasures of the journey. If, on the one hand, they had much to hope, they had on the other much to cause anxiety. Thanks to the conversation of Father de Molina on Chili, they had been enabled to form to themselves a good idea, at Bologna, of the magnificent regions that they were about to visit. An incident, the result of which could not at that moment be foreseen, had occurred previous to their departure from Genoa: they heard there that Pius VII had fallen from weakness in his apartments on the 19th of August, and that his condition was such, after lapse of three days from the time of the occurrence, as to leave no hopes of his recovery; indeed, he died before their departure, and immediately upon his death the conclave had assembled and had elected Leo XII in his place.

The progress of the brig at the same time met with a sad check in the occurrence of one of those dead calms well known to sailors, but very imperfectly understood by those who have not been at sea. The vessel, although making no way, was still balloted about in every direction as if at the mercy of the waves, and this movement is more creative than any other of that inexpressible feeling of discontent from which many suffer even more than from a serious illness. Don Mastai was in this category, and the one who suffered more than any other member of the Mission. This sad indisposition attained with him such a degree of intensity as to utterly deprive him of all strength, and leave him prostrated for several days.

At length, on the 7th of October, the wind having freshened up they were borne across the Gulf of Lyons, and on the 9th were going along with a favorable breeze, at the rate of ten knots an hour. The Island of Minorca was soon passed, and the lofty peaks and the high and rugged rocks of Mont Serrat, at the base of which are so many humble sanctuaries, were detected, presenting an agreeable contrast to the grand mountains to which they cling for support. The missionaries were still in the enjoyment of this imposing and admirable spectacle, when the terrible South-west wind arose—so dreaded on the coasts of Italy—came on to blow in all its fury. Carried away by the tempest, the ship was soon borne past the shores of Catalonia, and became a plaything in the storm off the port of Valencia, in which it would have sought refuge had it not been that the bad feeling of the Spanish authorities was more to be dreaded even

than the tempest; for the countries to which the Holy See was dispatching this mission were at the same time deemed to be in open rebellion against the mother government. The storm, in the meantime, did not cease to rage, on the contrary, the wind seemed to gain in strength, and no alternative remained but to seek refuge in some port of that country which they were so anxious to avoid contact with. They were at this moment not far from Majorca, so that they resolved to seek shelter in the harbor of Salma, and it was then that on the very onset of the mission that long series of vexatious and annoyances which befel it had their first origin.

After having been long tossed by the winds; after having seen themselves driven from Valencia to Irica, a formidable group of rocks that threatened proximate destruction, at length the "Eloysa" anchored on the 14th of October in the port of Salma.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Grand Celebration in Honor of the Return of Rev. Father Gen- eral from Europe.

Those around Notre Dame who held fast to the traditional belief in the evil influences of Friday, suddenly, on the 23d of September, saw their grand superstructure of nonsense partially overthrown by the return, on that day, of Rev. Father Sorin, from France. The Juniors, remarkable for their facility at investigating forbidden things, first discovered the welcome visitor making his way under cover to the college building. They began a confused medley of sounds, among which one might discover the words "welcome," "Father Sorin," "recreation," etc., and surrounded him *en masse*, and, it is needless to remark, the afore-mentioned recreation was enjoyed the rest of the day. This same recreation is, by the way, very acceptable as a general thing; good students like it occasionally, and good-for-nothing ones would want it all the time. The only fault that was found with recreation on this particular time was, as far as we know, that it was not given for the whole day, and, that it rained next day, thus defeating a second attempt to besiege the returned one for a full day.

However, after supper on Saturday, the students repaired to Washington Hall, where, after the introductory marches, etc., by the Band, the following programme was carried out:

PART I.

Song—Solo, Mr. R. Staley; Chorus, Messrs Staley, Rumely, A. and G. Riopelle.
Address from Senior Department.....John M. Gearin
Song.....Messrs A. and G. Riopelle
Address from Junior Department.....C. Berdell
Address from Minim Department.....Eddie DeGroot
Music.....Band

PART II.

"THE YANKEE PEDDLER." Cast of Characters:

Hiram Dodge.....J. A. Fox
Fuller.....J. R. Boyd
Harris.....D. B. Hibbard
Slingsby.....F. Kaiser
Jennings.....E. B. Gambee
Pompy.....T. Watson
Cowpens.....W. C. Stillwagen
Mark.....R. McCarthy
Jerushus.....T. A. Dillon
Dick.....Leranger
Closing Remarks.....Very Rev. Father General
March for Retiring.....Band

The first thing presented after the curtain arose was the Song and Chorus above mentioned. Musical critics who were present say that the Chorus was well rendered and marked by perfect harmony. For our own part we must say, that we have seldom experienced more genuine pleasure than we did on this evening while listening to the correct,

clear young voice of Mr. Staley while rendering the solo, of which we did not catch the name. Next came the address of welcome from the Senior Department by John M. Gearin. Then the Song by Messrs A. and G. Riopelle, nicely and correctly sung and gaining universal applause. Notre Dame may boast of her instrumental music, but certainly the vocal talent exhibited on this evening would reflect honor on more renowned Universities. After this song came the address from the Junior Department by C. Berdell, well written, clearly and distinctly read, and greeted by rounds of applause. Then came the address from the Minims, by Master Eddie DeGroot, a quaint little production, read with much *naïveté* by a rather diminutive looking specimen of the *genus homo*, and calling forth cheer upon cheer from the delighted audience.

The first part of the programme was then wound up by a lively air from the band, and the curtain dropped to allow the Thespians to prepare for the presentation of "The Yankee Peddler." As this extremely laughable comedy was played before at Notre Dame, it is needless to say it was well enjoyed by the audience and that the venerable advice: "Laugh and grow fat," was fully carried out at least as far as the laughing was concerned. The appearance of "Hiram Dodge," as usual called forth such cheering that it was several minutes ere he could be heard at all, and when he was heard it was only the signal for a repetition of the applause.

The ingenious scalawag which the character is meant to represent was well personified by Mr. Fox who appears to possess that vein of humor and command of voice and action so necessary to the agreeable rendition of such a part. Indeed, the characters were well sustained throughout. Mr. Boyd, as "Fuller," played the part of a Southern gentleman and showed that he possessed powers well adapted for displaying the generous and impulsive nature so characteristic of the "Sunny South." Mr. Hibbard played his part with the peculiar grace and delicacy which such a character required and at once obtained the reputation of being an easy and graceful speaker. Mr. Dillon, as "Jerushus," exhibited his usual drollery, and Mr. Watson, in his representation of "Cuffy," showed forth the negro peculiarities to perfection. The minor parts were well represented, which added much to the enjoyment of the whole, and the audience though nearly worn out with laughing, regretted to see the curtain drop to close the evening's performance.

Before retiring, Very Rev. Father General, at the request of his friends addressed the students, and spoke on the condition of France, and the want of discipline in the French army, ascribing most of the misfortunes under which France now labors to this cause. It was easy to see that the audience strictly concurred in this idea, and the faces of all, from the smallest Minim to the largest Senior, expressed the conviction that discipline should certainly be enforced on the French soldiers, that discipline was power, and, altogether, that it was a very desirable sort of a thing. But when the Rev. speaker, by a very natural species of induction gradually approached the subject of College discipline, intimating its necessity, etc., a sly smile might be seen on the faces of some old students, while the new-comers stared blankly at the speaker, apparently incapable or unwilling to understand that there was any connection at all between the two cases, and one hapless individual was heard to remark as he slowly and thoughtfully left the hall: "Discipline! College discipline! I can't see it in that light!"

All retired satisfied with the evening's performance and looking forward to a repetition of the same on a more enlarged scale, on the 13th—"St. Edward's day."
W. F.

THE young people are already canvassing the probabilities of the hickory-nut crop.

BOSH.

We are told that the above word is not slang, but a most respectable one—a foreigner, it is true, but one that brought creditable testimonials along when naturalized into our comprehensive and hospitable language.

A good deal of Bosh has been written, and most all who have put pen to paper have to confess to some—it is useless for me to do so, as the fact is patent.

However as "reformed" gentlemen of the turf and "bar" used formerly to be the greatest lecturers against gambling and intemperance, I may for parallel reasons be a "beacon of light" to young men of the college who may not know all the delusions and snares of Bosh.

To avoid bosh, my young friends, write only on subjects with which you are conversant; and when writing use such words as in your judgment and in that of your good friend, the critic, are the ones to express your thoughts.

2dly. When you engage in a debate, do not speak to kill time, but after having prepared yourselves well on the subject, deliver your speech clearly and forcibly.

Some other precepts may be given hereafter, but let these suffice for the present.

St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association.**SECOND REGULAR MEETING.**

The second regular meeting of the Society was held Tuesday evening, Sept. 20th.

At this meeting Prof. M. A. J. Baasen, A. M., President of the Association, in the absence of the Director, Very Rev. W. Corby, S. S. C., occupied the chair. He opened the meeting by thanking the Association for giving him the pleasure he anticipated in presiding over their meetings; and after referring to the necessity of members making due preparation for debates and to other duties relating to the Society, he proceeded to the business exercises of the evening—after which came the debate.

The subject of debate:—*Resolved*, "That Cæsar was a greater Military Genius than Napoleon." Affirmative—Marcus J. Moriarty and Thomas A. Dillon; Negative—Thomas H. Johnson and E. B. Gambee. Messrs. Dillon and Gambee being absent, the discussing of the subject devolved on the two remaining gentlemen. The President rendered a decision in favor of the affirmative.

The *Two-Penny Gazette* was read, eliciting no small amount of applause and attention, and after which the meeting adjourned.

THE THIRD REGULAR SESSION

Of the St. Aloysius' Literary Association was held Tuesday evening, September 27th.

A. S. Howe, P. J. O'Connell, and S. Spellman were elected members of the Association.

The resignations of Messrs. E. B. Gambee and T. A. Dillon were read and accepted. The office of Second Censor, vacant by the resignation of the first-named gentleman, was filled by the election of Mr. C. Kuhn.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Zahm, Johnson, and Moriarty, were authorized to purchase books for the Association.

Next came the debate, promising, as was verified at the close, to be one of more than usual interest. The subject—*Resolved*, "That the Press of the present day is productive of more evil than good." Affirmative, J. A. Zahm and D. B. Hibbard; Negative, J. M. Gearin and J. McGinnity.

At the conclusion of the discussion, which proved highly interesting, and one productive of great benefit to all who had the pleasure of being present, the President, after due consideration, gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. **MARCUS.**

Archconfraternity.

The first regular meeting of this Association was held in the Students' Chapel, Sept. 18th, for the purpose of electing officers to serve during the coming scholastic year. According to custom, the Director, Rev. Father Granger, appointed the president, naming for that office Mr. John Zahm. After the election the officers were found to be as follows:

Director—Rev. Father Granger, S. S. C.
President—John A. Zahm.
Vice-president—John E. Shanahan.
Recording Secretary—John McGinnity.
Corresponding Secretary—John M. Gearin.
Librarian—James McGlynn.

The Secretary's roll shows quite a large number of old students, and many new ones. This is as it should be, as every Catholic student is supposed to be a member of the Society. It is needless to mention the many advantages to be derived, especially by students, from belonging to such an association, as every Catholic is perfectly conversant with the doctrine of the Church, respecting the innumerable favors to be obtained by devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the special patroness of the archconfraternity.

JOHN M. GEARIN, Cor. Sec.

The Two-Penny Club.

The first regular meeting of the above-named club was held on Sunday morning, Sept. 24th, for the purpose of reorganization. At this meeting were elected the officers of the first session of the scholastic year of 1870-71, the result of the election being as follows:

President—Prof. M. A. J. Baasen, A. M.
Vice-President—J. M. Gearin.
Scribe—J. A. Zahm.

Assistant Editors—E. A. Watts, Daniel B. Hibbard, Marcus J. Moriarty.

This organization publishes a weakly periodical, entitled the *Two Penny Gazette*, the object of which is the improvement of its members in literary composition. Some persons, totally ignorant of the proceedings of the Club, have asserted that their *Gazette* is a mere critical review, containing nothing but personal articles, unjust criticisms, etc. This, however, is positively false, as all such articles are expressly forbidden in the by-laws of the constitution.

There are many advantages to be derived from belonging to such an organization. It affords an opportunity to those who have completed their English studies of continuing their exercises in composition, which will be highly beneficial to the writers, a fact very manifest to all who attentively consider the matter. Clubs of this description are to be found in London, and all the large cities, but, of course, on a larger scale. It was through such organizations that Addison, Johnson, Steele, and many others, scarcely less renowned in the paths of literature, first made themselves known to the world. It was by his connection with the *Tatler* and *Spectator* that Addison immortalized himself as an author, and became known as the most elegant writer in the English language; for it is universally known that he produced all his best writings during his connection with these associations. Dr. Johnson had the highest opinion of these Clubs, on account of the innumerable benefits which they conferred on their members. To such associations, all the greatest British writers have belonged, which they would not have done had they not derived from them more than a mere amusement.

It was for this purpose, then, that the members of the *TWO-PENNY* organized a Club for the purpose of attaining this most desirable end, knowing that a good style of writing can be acquired only by frequent and careful composition. Moreover, each writer can have the benefit of the criticism, not only of every individual member of the club, but also of all those belonging to the Philodemic Society, before whom the *Gazette* is read every Tuesday evening. The chief characteristic of the members at present is their determination to make the Club far superior to what it was in former years. We hope their resolution will be carried out, and that the object for which the Club was organized will be fully realized.

JOHN A. ZAHM.

Scribe of the *Two-Penny*.

OYSTERS are now among the delicacies of the season.

St. Edward's Literary Association.

MR. EDITOR: Knowing that the first number of your paper would be taken up with the list of arrivals, names of the professors and their respective classes and other matters of interest to the students, our modesty prevented us from intruding on your columns. Now that the new students have received all the information relative to their studies, recitations and duties, we do not think it out of place to say a few words in relation to our society.

The first meeting of the scholastic year was held on the 13th ult. The reorganization was effected and the following are the officers for the present session:

President—Rev. A. Lemonnier, S. S. C.
Vice President—J. E. Shanahan.
Secretary—Rufus H. McCarty.
Treasurer—T. O'Mahony.
Librarian—W. C. Stillwagen.
Censors—N. Mitchell and M. Gahn.

After the election of officers, the question, "Resolved, that inventions improve the condition of the laboring class," was selected for the next meeting, which took place on the evening of the 20th ult. The question was discussed by Messrs. O'Mahony and Mitchell on the affirmative, and Messrs. Boyd and Shanahan on the negative. It was evident from the manner in which the subject was handled that the debaters had not been idle during the short time they had to prepare themselves. Although the negative held to their side of the question, yet they could not refute some of the logical and well delivered arguments, of their opponents, hence the decision in favor of the affirmative met with the approbation of all present.

After the debate, Messrs. Evans, Heine and Stillwagen favored the Society with declamations, and all acquitted themselves creditably. After several loud hints from the watchman, the meeting adjourned till its next regular meeting, which was held on the 27th ult., at which time, after the transaction of some minor business, Mr. William Stillwagen took the stand and read an essay, entitled, "A Mother's Influence," which, both for beauty of style, and correctness of sentiment, we have never heard surpassed in the Society. The earnest applause with which it was received is proof that we were not alone in our judgment. F. Kaiser followed with an essay on "Homicide." It exhibited an elegance of style and vigor of thought, much above the average. The other essayists not being prepared the balance of the evening was spent in reading and declaiming.

On the evening of the 4th inst., the Society held its third meeting. The literary exercises were opened by Mr. O'Mahoney reading his criticism on the exercises of the previous meeting. Mr. O'Mahoney convinced us that criticism was far from being the art of fault-finding.

The question for discussion—"Resolved that Wealth is a better Passport into society than Education"—was opened by C. Duffy in a well-conceived and admirably delivered address. This being Mr. Duffy's first attempt his success makes us feel confident that if he persevere he will become an able speaker. Heine followed in a speech in which he very ably and forcibly handed his subject. J. Shanahan next followed on the part of the affirmative. Mr. Evans closed the negative in a forcible address delivered in a pleasing and effective manner, and thus ended the third literary session.

From the interest in the society, we feel assured that the St. Ed. boys will maintain their former high standard, and that their motto: "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*," will be kept in view.

TOBY.

THE manufacture of America flags, is said to have suddenly become a leading branch of business in Paris.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Society.

The second regular meeting was held Sunday evening, the 18th inst. At this meeting Master J. H. Ward and J. N. Antoin, were appointed assistant directors of entertainments. Master Chas. Dodge was appointed prompter, then followed the essayists and speakers. We feel happy in saying this society enters upon its thirteenth year with a larger and more brilliant number of members than former years. It has a good library, etc. With such advantages we hope to make the year 1870-71 very entertaining to our fellow-students and friends, and a year of honor and profit to ourselves.

The third regular meeting came off Sept. 25th. At this meeting Mr. M. Hunter, after having read a well-written composition, entitled, "Be a Man," was unanimously elected a member. The speakers were then called on, and Mr. C. Burdell answered with "Bernardo." He sustains his old reputation, which makes him the Society's favorite declaimer. Master Morgan gave the "War song of the Greeks," in a clear voice, but sometimes he spoke too loud. Mr. L. Roth gave suspicions of German fraternity, by his delivery of "My dog Spot." A gold badge of the Association was then voted to Prof. A. J. Stace, A. M., whom all the old members respect and love for his many brilliant qualities and for his cheerful patience with them in their rehearsals last year.

The fourth regular meeting took place Oct. 1st. After the regular official business was transacted, Master M. Mahony read a historical sketch of the reign of Nero. Master Brown, on "Be Kind," and J. McHugh, on the "Love of Money is the Root of all Evil," D. Egan, on "Ambition," B. Robertson, on "Pride," D. Hogan, on "War." Then came the speakers. Master Hunter delivered, very dramatically, the "Death of Rufus," Master Kinade, the "Song of Marion," L. Hayes declaimed, in a very spirited manner, the "Albuquerque," R. Staley gave, in a very comic manner, the "Height of the Ridiculous." After the essayists, speakers and debaters were appointed for the next meeting, the members adjourned. D. EGAN, Cor. Sec.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

September 16.—Thomas O'Mahoney, John Zahm, John Shanahan, John Gearin, Thomas Dillon J. A. Fox, J. R. Boyd, James McGlynn, F. Kaiser, R. Finley.

September 23.—N. Mitchell, W. Roberts, John McGinnity, P. O'Connell F. B. Shephard, J. K. Finley, E. B. Gambee, C. Kuhn, W. Layfield, F. Dundon.

September 30.—W. Stillwagen, P. Coakley, J. McCormick, D. B. Hibbard, A. Riopelle, C. Duffy, P. Finnigan, T. Murphy, W. S. Atkins, H. P. Rogers.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

September 16.—J. Antoine, C. Ortmyer, J. Taylor, J. Shanks, V. Hackmann, J. Nash, S. Ashton, J. Ward, C. Vinson, J. Rumely, H. Ackhoff.

September 23.—H. Taylor, D. Egan, T. Foley, D. Brown, N. McCormack, P. Reilly, C. Berdell, B. Roberts, E. Shea, C. Morgan, L. Hibben, B. Luhn.

September 30.—W. Dodge, M. Moriarty, L. McOskar, E. Schuster, C. Hutchings, H. Breckweg, V. McKinnon, G. Green, L. Marshall, H. Potter, E. Sheehau.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

September 17.—S. Hopkins, G. Gross, F. Huck, H. Quan, E. Raymond W. Byrne.

October 1.—E. Marshall, J. McDermott, C. Whitney, O. Tong, R. Dougherty, A. Morton.

An editor speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says, "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full."

Arrivals.

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| O. G. Angle, | Cedar Rapids, Iowa. |
| B. J. McGinniss, | Ottawa, Illinois. |
| Frank D. Tolerton, | Rochester, Indiana. |
| Walter Crenshaw, | Springfield, Missouri. |
| Henry Turner, | Woodville, Kentucky. |
| James A. Murphy, | Keokuk, Iowa. |
| Florian Devoto, | " " |
| Michael Carr, | Toledo, Ohio. |
| William Rowland, | Chicago, Illinois. |
| D. G. Berry, | Brookville, Indiana. |
| John B. Goodhue, | Vicksburg, Mississippi. |
| Michael Shiel, | Lake Forest, Illinois. |
| John P. H. Dixon, | Marysburg, Minnesota. |
| William Wallace, | Milwaukee, Wisconsin. |
| Ellis Myers, | Naperville, Illinois. |
| F. J. Murphy, | Chicago, Illinois. |
| Omer H. Bell, | New Boston, Illinois. |
| A. McDonald Ransom, | Kalamazoo, Michigan. |
| L. Batson, | Niles, Michigan. |
| O. Emmitt Millarky, | Cedar Falls, Iowa. |
| John O'Hara, | Chicago, Illinois. |
| Robert H. Delahay, | Leavenworth, Kansas. |

Mr. Editor: The opening game of Base Ball, for the championship of Notre Dame, was played on the 28th of September, between the Star of the East and Juanita Base Ball Clubs, on the grounds of the former. A more favorable day for the match could not be desired, and, as the two nines were seen going out, quite a crowd collected to witness the contest. As the Juanita's won the toss, and sent their opponents to the bat, quite an excitement was manifested to see how the champions of last year would face, for the first time, the Juanita's fielders for this season. At once it became manifest that they had to do with a nine that would give them a close game. The ball was a lively one, making it incumbent on the Juanita's to display neat fielding in order to withstand the well-known heavy batting of the Star of the East. Nevertheless, two "fouls" to the catcher, and a "fly" to the pitcher, sent them to the field with one run scored. The Juanita's then went to the bat, scored four runs, and retired, to confer the same favor as before on their opponents. The "decisive seventh" showed the Juanitas one ahead; and by taking hold of their opponent's pitching in the eighth and ninth innings, and punishing it pretty severely, they succeeded in scoring 32 to their opponent's 24. The umpire, Mr. C. Burdell of the Star of the West Base-ball Club, gave universal satisfaction by his obliging and gentlemanly manner, and by the fairness, accuracy and promptness of his decisions. For the benefit of those interested in such matters I append the

SCORE:

| STAR OF THE EAST. | O | R | JUANITA. | O | R |
|-------------------|----|----|------------------|----|----|
| Gambee, 1st b | 4 | 2 | Shepherd, c f | 1 | 5 |
| Weld, c | 4 | 1 | Gearin, c | 3 | 4 |
| Roe, c f | 3 | 3 | Boyd, p | 3 | 4 |
| Smith, s s | 2 | 5 | Dillon, 1st b | 2 | 5 |
| Gillen, 1 f | 2 | 4 | Stillwagen, 2d b | 3 | 3 |
| Kaiser, 2d b | 3 | 3 | Fox, 3d b | 3 | 5 |
| Jamison, r f | 3 | 2 | McLaughlin, r f | 4 | 3 |
| Sweeney, 3d b | 1 | 1 | Spellacy, 1 f | 3 | 2 |
| Flowers, p | 5 | 2 | Swenk, s s | 5 | 2 |
| Total, | 27 | 24 | Total, | 27 | 32 |

INNINGS, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Star of East, 1, 1, 5, 2, 3, 0, 9, 0, 3.

Juanita, 4, 2, 0, 11, 1, 5, 1, 4, 6.

Umpire, C. Burdell, of the Star of the West.

Scorers, T. Watson and E. Watts.

Time of game, 3:30.

STONEWALL.

EXCHANGES.—We have received The Catholic, The Owl, The College Review, The Vidette, The Chronicle, The St. Joseph Valley Register, The Annualist, The Yale Courant, The Weekly Dispatch, The Qui Vive, The Guardian Angel, The College Courier, Williams' Review.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Spring Arrangement.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

| GOING EAST. | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Leave South Bend 11.32 a. m. | Arrive at Buffalo 4.10 a. m. |
| " " 2.33 p. m. | " " 4.10 a. m. |
| " " 9.05 p. m. | " " 1.50 p. m. |
| " " 12.37 a. m. | " " 5.30 p. m. |
| Accommodation 7.43 p. m. | Arrive at Elkhart 8.20 p. m. |
| Way Freight, 4.34 p. m. | |

| GOING WEST. | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Leave South Bend 1.36 p. m. | Arrive at Chicago 4.20 p. m. |
| " " 3.06 a. m. | " " 6.50 a. m. |
| " " 4.20 a. m. | " " 7.30 a. m. |
| " " 4.34 p. m. | " " 8.10 p. m. |
| Accommodation 6.35 a. m. | " " 10.30 a. m. |
| Way Freight, 12.15 p. m. | |

Making connection with all trains West and North. For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Toledo.

C. P. LELAND, General Passenger Agent, Toledo.

HIRAM BROWN, Agent, South Bend.

CROSSING.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 4.20 a. m., and 7.30 p. m.

Freight, 4.05 p. m.

GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11.13 a. m., and 6.20 p. m.

Freight, 4.50 a. m.

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| | |
|---|---------|
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| French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and Irish, each..... | 10 00 |
| Instrumental Music..... | 12 50 |
| Use of Piano..... | 10 00 |
| Use of Violin..... | 2 00 |
| Drawing..... | 15 00 |
| Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus..... | 5 00 |
| Graduation Fee..... Com'l. \$5 00; Sc. \$8 00; Cla. 16 00 | |
| Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the College are charged, extra..... | 35 00 |

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For further particulars, address

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President.

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The postage of the AVE MARIA is but five cents a quarter, or twenty cents a year, when paid in advance—either by remittance to the mailing office here, or paid at the subscriber's post office.

Notices of Books.

A MANUAL OF COMPOSITION AND RHETORIC: A Text-book for Schools and Colleges. By John S. Hart, LL. D., Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School, author of Hart's English Grammar, etc., etc. Philadelphia: Eldridge & Bro.

This is an excellent text-book, and one we can recommend to Catholic teachers. It is not only on the score of good arrangement of matter, clearness of expression, and superior style of typography, that we recommend the work to the numerous Catholic schools that take the SCHOLASTIC; but also on account of the singular freedom from all quotations from bigoted authors, and from books written by men notoriously prejudiced against the Catholic Church. After a careful examination of the book, we have found nothing in the vast number of extracts from thousands of authors that even we, who are rather touchy on the point, could find fault with, except—yes, there is an exception—except one, on page 144, where some, to us unknown, writer finds fault with a great Doctor of our Church, St. John Chrysostom, for teaching the same doctrine our Blessed Lord taught: He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me—Matth. x, 37.

We advise Mr. Hart to suppress that paragraph in the next edition of his Rhetoric.

THE INVITATION HEADED: Reasons for a Return to Catholic Unity. By James Kent Stone, late President of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio; and of Hobart College, Geneva, New York; and S. T. D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren street. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

We had prepared an extended notice of this book for the present number of the SCHOLASTIC, but we postpone publishing it, and limit ourselves to calling the attention of our readers to the fact that the book is one of the most interesting that has been published this year.

A COMPLETE ALGEBRA FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES, By A. Schuyler, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Logic in Baldwin University; Author of Higher Arithmetic and Principals of Logic. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

THE ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By Sidney A. Norton, A. M. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

Many of the books we mention merely by their title will be noticed in future numbers of the SCHOLASTIC. We have on our table several books which we have not opened, and, of course, have not noticed even by publishing their names; in a short time, however, we will do justice to them all.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

The "Silver Jubilee."

SILVER JUBILEE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, compiled and published by Joseph A. Lyons, A. M. Second edition. Chicago: E. B. Myers & Co.

In this volume of 344 pages the students and friends of Notre Dame will find a very pleasing souvenir of the twenty-fifth annual exercises, which occurred last year, marking the Silver Jubilee of this highly successful institution. The volume contains a history of Notre Dame, a description of the university, brief biographical sketches of the alumni, and a full graphic report of the proceedings of a year ago, with a more brief summary of the principal features of the commencement exercises of the present year. The book has been compiled with great care, is beautifully printed on tinted paper, illustrated with several interesting views and faithful portraits, and bound in style which fits it for the drawing-room table. Professor Lyons, the compiler, has evidently had his heart in the work, and has done a lasting service to all who have ever been connected with the institution, in furnishing them with the principal facts in the history of itself

and the individuals who have been most prominently connected with it.

[From the Chicago Times.]

SILVER JUBILEE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME. Second edition. By Joseph A. Lyons. Chicago: E. B. Myers & Co. 1870.

The alumni of the University of Notre Dame ought to patronize this handsome volume, devoted to their *Alma Mater* and their own achievements very generally. Here are over 300 pages elegantly bound, printed on tinted paper, and illustrated with portraits of the founder and principal officers of the university, and many interesting views of Notre Dame. It is one of the most complete college souvenirs we have ever seen, and altogether the handsomest. It was first brought out last season, but has been greatly enlarged and improved the present year. Prof. Lyons has filled his part as editor with taste and discrimination, producing a really beautiful volume.

The Star of the West Base-Ball Club

Was reorganized on Friday, Sept. 9th. The following officers were elected for the season:

Director—Bro. Aloysius.
President—S. Ashton.
Vice-President—S. Dum.
Secretary—C. Berdel.
Treasurer—B. Luhn.
Field-Captain 1st Nine—J. Nash.
Field-Captain 2nd Nine—M. Mahony.
Censor—P. Rielly.

The Club embraces the best players in the Department, and, judging from the way it is playing at present, I think it will be the leading Club in the University.

On Wednesday, the 14th inst., the first nine contested a game with the first nine of the Juanita B. C., and defeated them by the score of 46 to 42. The game was a very interesting one, for, previous to its commencement, our kind Director, Bro. Aloysius, promised to give the members of the Club an oyster supper if they were victorious. We had the oyster supper a few days afterwards, and we enjoyed it very much.

The members of the Club return their sincere thanks to Bro. Aloysius for the kind manner in which he has treated them. C. BERDEL, Sec.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1870.

Editor of Scholastic:—A special meeting was held, Sunday, Sept. 12th, for the reorganization of the Juanita Base-ball Club, thinking that perhaps the patrons and friends of outdoor sports, and especially those who favor us with their good wishes and friendship, might be pleased to hear that our "good old" club is once more under the direction of able officers, and eager for the coming contest, I deem it expedient to insert these lines in the columns of your accommodating paper.

The meetings of the Association are well attended; and, although we were so unfortunate last session to forfeit our right to the championship of the University, still we feel confident of "winning back our lost laurels," or if we should not be so fortunate, we know our opponents cannot "gently o'er us steal," and to retain their justly and fairly won-honors will have to play.

Not wishing to intrude by occupying too much space with my remarks, I append the list of officers and have done.

Director—Brother Benoist.
President—J. W. Gearin.
Vice-president—J. A. Fox.
Recording Secretary—T. A. Dillon.
Corresponding Secretary—Rhey Boyd.
Treasurer—J. A. Zahm.
1st Field Director—C. A. Smith.
2d Field Director—W. C. Stillwagen.
3d Field Director—F. B. Sheppard.
Censor—Leon McLaughlin.

ZIP.

[N. B. We have published this week some communications not signed by the name of the writer. Hereafter we require the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication.—Ebs. N. D. S.]

We take from an English paper the following extract which exposes the dishonesty and deceitfulness of that part of the press which is opposed to Christianity and which, as a matter of course, attacks the Catholic Church, and calumniates its clergy:

We had marked in a German paper the following account for translation, faithful up to a certain point, we transcribe it thus:

Captain Furstenberg, of the 10th Hussars, had been wounded in the battle of Gravelotte, and passed the night of the 18th to the 19th on the battle-field. Recovering consciousness, after a fainting fit, at dawn he observed some figures busying themselves about. On one of them approaching him, he noticed quite plainly the sign of the Knights of St. John on his armlet. He was just about calling out to the man for aid. The man with the St. John's cross called the three other figures to a group of wounded and dead:

"Quite close to me," the deponent states, "I plainly recognized a man in the garb of a field priest, and two Knights of the Order of St. John. When these men had arrived at the group they commenced cutting open the uniform of each at the breast with knives and scissors; whoever moved was choked at once by their hands; if nothing was found about their breast, they examined pockets and hands, each ring on the hands being cut off with the finger. The priest pocketed the valuables. These hyenas then approached where I lay, with difficulty I attempted to rise to call out for help, when one of them noticed me and bounded towards me. I called out as loudly as I was able, when two of them ran forward to stand guard. Fortunately, I felt my six-shooter at my side; I fired, and the field priest fell down wounded; the others escaped, but were overtaken by the field-watch, which happened to approach at that moment."

At this point the *Guardian* stops short in its translation, leaving its readers to believe that these wretches, who were discovered pillaging the dead were in reality priests. We do not for an instant believe that so fair and honorable a paper as the *Guardian* is capable itself of such deception; it has, no doubt, been the victim of some imposition, or, more likely, that the German paper, from which its translation was made, had purposely mutilated the account, in order to spread the rumor that Catholic Priests had been caught robbing the bodies of the dead on the field of battle.

We continue the translation of the story at the point where the *Guardian* stopped short.

"The result of the investigation proves that the men disguised as Priests and Knights of the Order of St. John, were common marauders. One was the landlord of a public house at Duren, very well off, and the other three were Belgians employed in lead-works at Stottberg. In the possession of these men were found about eighty more or less valuable rings, some of which were still on fingers cut off by these robbers of the dead, three hundred watches, money-pockets, purses and epaulets. These hyenas were sent off to Coblenz." The German paper appends to this account the following note: "Most likely we shall shortly read in the papers, hostile to the Church, the sensational news, that Catholic Priests have been seized plundering the dead. The conjecture, it seems, has turned out true; at least we are left to infer that these wretches were Priests."

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH says: "If a man can sleep soundly, has a good appetite, with no unpleasant reminders after meals, the bodily habits being regular every day, he had better let himself alone, whether he is as big as a hoghead, or as thin and dry as a fence rail."

THE population of South Bend is more than double what it was ten years ago.